

# NERVOUS PROSTRATION, INSOMNIA, NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA, MELANCHOLIA

AND THE THOUSAND ILLS THAT FOLLOW A DERANGED CONDITION OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

## NERVOUS SYSTEM CURE BY CEREBRINE

THE EXTRACT OF THE BRAIN OF THE OX, PREPARED UNDER THE FORMULA OF

Dr. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND,

IN HIS LABORATORY AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

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Local Drug Company, Agents for Wheeling.

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## Export Whiskey.

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It certainly is a duty and our desire to acquaint you with the excellent qualities of our Export Whiskey when you need this article for medicinal or family purposes. There is nothing on the market so pure, so healthy, and so free from all injurious ingredients should command your attention.

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Silver Age

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CONSTITUTION Cured, Piles Prevented.

For the LIVER and STOMACH REGULATOR and

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## EUNICE CONRAD,

Of Gilmer County, the Oldest

Woman in This Country.

ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEEN

Years She Has Lived and Retains Her

Facilities—Interviewed by a Local

Newspaper Man—Has Her Picture

Taken For the First Time.

Glenville, W. Va., Pathfinder.

About nine miles—by air line—south

of this place, in a little cove or glen

where a spring forms the source of one

of those long winding runs so common

among the hills, is situated the humble

home of Henry Conrad, where dwells

the oldest woman in America.

The name of Eunice Conrad, together

with statements as to her age have at

different periods within the past few

years appeared in the papers through-

out the state. By some few people the

statements were accepted as true, but

by a majority they were set down as

newspaper "fakes." Therefore, it was

with quite a degree of interest that an

artist friend and myself, sent out by

the Pathfinder, rode slowly down the

long path which led to the door of the

home of Eunice Conrad at 119 years.

From a Photo by C. W. Starcher.

unpretentious little cabin, the home of

"Aunt Eunice." The deep bay of a

hundred and the shrill little yelp of a ter-

rier greeted our approach, and then a

swarm of tow headed youngsters lined

up at one end of the house and in open

wonder watched us as we dis-

mounted. But it was not the honnds,

the youngsters, or yet the gray haired

old man who came to meet us, that first

commanded our attention. On the low

porch, in a little spot of sun-

shine, sat a figure so small and withered

and so silent, whose every attitude spoke

so plainly of a great, great age, that it

did not require "Uncle Henry's" an-

swer to our question of "Is this your

mother?" to tell us that before us sat

the woman of nearly six score years.

From some cause there was quite a

little assembly at the house, but Henry,

the old lady's son—familiarily known in

that section as "Uncle Bobby"—soon

made room for us and we stated our

mission. Your reporter said:

"Mr. Conrad, on account of your

mother's great age her name has ap-

peared in many papers during the past

few years, but quite a number of people

are loath to accept as facts the state-

ments as to her age. We have come to

learn the truth as to the number of

years she has seen, and we wish the his-

tory of her life, also a photograph of

her, so that our paper can make a true

statement in regard to the matter."

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "in

course I'll give you all the information

I can, and if Granny don't care, you

can take her picture."

One of the girls standing by ex-

pressed a doubt as to "Granny" being

willing to sit for a picture, but another

brilliant looking young woman assured us

that she could prevail upon her to do

anything; and shifting a youngster off

her lap, she went over to where the old

lady was sitting.

Meanwhile Granny was gazing at the

distance hills, seemingly unconscious

of the fact that she was the subject of

an animated conversation. The reporter

had learned two things, namely, that

Granny was very deaf, and that she

had a mind of her own and usually did

as she pleased. We were not certain

but that she would object to the picture

taking process, but the confidence of

the young woman in her powers to

persuade Granny to have her

"picture" took," reassured us and we

awaited the result.

"Oh, Granny!" said the young woman,

pitching her voice very high, "these

gentlemen have come to take

your picture and you must look nice;

won't you?"

"What do they want with my pic-

ture?" said the old lady, in a low,

smooth, even voice.

"Why, they want to put it in the

paper to show the people that you are

the oldest woman in the world."

"Well, if that's it I don't care."

That settled it. And we were sure of

Granny's picture. Quite a bevy of her

grandchildren and great grandchildren

and some of the neighbors gathered

around her, and there was quite a dis-

cussion as to whether she should be

dressed in her new black dress or pho-

tographed as she was. The reporter

objected to any change, but his sugges-

tion was overruled, and in a short time

they had Granny in the house and out

again, dressed in the new black—and

for the first time, no doubt, in the his-

tory of her life the image of her good

old face was impressed upon the plate

of a camera.

And now for our picture of this

lady who enjoys the distinction of be-

ing so wonderfully old. She is a little

woman, being only about four feet

high, and of course, beneath the weight

of years, her form is bent so that she

looks very small. But, withal, her face

is round and full, and though furrowed

and wrinkled by age, yet the wrinkles

are not deep enough to make the face

as thin as one would expect. Above

her face and on her hair—as white as

snow—stray forth and forms a fitting

contrast to the sombre hue of the cap.

Her hands are thin and seem as if

cloved with wrinkled parchment, and

by her side there constantly rests the

good stout cane, by the aid of which she

often walks about the house and even

so far as two or three hundred yards

from the door. As she looked when she

faced the camera, she indeed formed a

quaint picture, yet one's mind could

scarcely grasp the fact that she had

seen the sunshine of 119 summers. But

it is true, and as one looked at her and

caught that steady gaze, that far-away

look of her eyes, one could not help

thinking that if the artist could only

transfer to his plates all the pictures

her eyes have seen, he would indeed

have an album to be treasured.

The years have done much towards

erasing from Mrs. Conrad's memory the

recollection of events, except those of

her earlier years. It took some time to

get her to understand our questions, but

when she did so her answers were

always sensible. The words she so often

used, "I don't remember; it has been so

long ago," express voluntes.

The history of her life, from the time

she was born, five score and nineteen

years ago, until the present time, were

fully known, would read like a great

romance. The following is a sketch of

her life as gleaned from her narrative:

Mrs. Conrad was born on the fourth

day of August, 1775, in what

is now Pendleton county, West

Virginia. Her maiden name was

Eunice Maco, her father be-

ing a farmer by the name of John Maco

and her mother (as she expressed it) "a

Scotch lassie by the name of Mollie."

Her father removed to Bulltown, in

Braxton county, when Eunice was a

little girl, but she remembers distinctly

how the Indians had to be driven

away from the town before the

white settlers could make their

clearings and erect their cabins.

The settlers—John Maco among

them—took possession of the town and

the cleared fields on the day after the

Indians were driven away. Eunice's

mother used for a milkhouse a large

ycamore stump, in which the Indians

had stored their deer and meat, and